i can't help myself (i want you all to myself)

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by orchidsofoedipus

Summary

Hannibal's final biology project requires him to do a paired presentation with his classmate Alana Bloom. Homework at her house quickly turns into an opportunity to grow closer to her single omegan mother Will Graham

or;

How to shoehorn the most basic amount of plot into a fic that you can claim it's not a PWP

Warning: Hannibal's age is not specified here, but he is a high school student and Will is 20 years his senior. If this isn't your thing, please pass me by and have a nice day!

Notes

this one goes out to all the mommy!will fics on here you are all the reason i keep going

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Whilst it was far from the first time that Alana had made the offer of Hannibal going to her house after school to study, it was the first time Hannibal had accepted the offer. Not simply because he had no interest in fuelling the school rumour mill by spending time with an omega outside of school, but because he wasn't sure he would be able to function in a happy family home.

Hannibal knew that Alana's father had long since left, and that her mother had not taken another mate since the separation. However, whenever Alana spoke of her mother it was with an obvious sense of love and belonging - two things that were severely lacking in his own life.

But the school year was fast drawing to a close, and Hannibal and Alana had paired up for the final biology project, so it made sense for them to spend time preparing together. And that is how, one warm Tuesday afternoon in early summer, Hannibal found himself walking towards a small house on the edge of a small patch of woodland, walking past a small pack of dogs chasing each other around the grounds and thrashing around in a small pool laid out for them to cool off in.

"Sorry," Alana said with a sheepish smile. "I swear mom loves these dogs more than me - he lets them away with murder." She led Hannibal past the dogs and up three wooden steps leading to a small porch. "Go in, go in," Alana encouraged, holding open the door for Hannibal while she scratched behind the ears of one of the larger dogs. Still eyeing the dogs with a degree of uncertainty, Hannibal quickly followed her instructions and stepped inside, Alana following shortly after.

"Hey mom," she shouted in the direction of what Hannibal assumed must be the kitchen, given the smell of freshly baked bread wafting down the hallway. "I brought Hannibal back to work on the biology project, I hope that's ok!"

"Of course honey," Alana's mother replied, voice increasing in volume as he walked from the kitchen to the hallway where Hannibal and Alana were taking off their shoes. As Hannibal looked up from placing his shoes neatly on the rack provided, his breath was taken away by the mother standing before him. He was just slightly shorter than Hannibal, with brown curls framing a face beautiful in manners both masculine and feminine. "You know your friends are always welcome 'round." Hannibal's eyes were still taking in the frame of the omegan mother in front of him, from his soft chest and hips, to his hands and wrists which looked delicate despite clearly being strong and well utilised.

The older omega finally caught Hannibal's eye and smiled. "I'm Will Graham, Alana's mom. But you can call me Will. Actually, call me Mom." Hannibal was left dumbstruck by both the beauty and caring nature of the omega, and could only smile weakly in reply.
Hannibal followed Alana up the stairs and to her bedroom in silence. His thoughts were totally overwhelmed by the vision and scent of the omega he had just met. For the first time, he understood the compulsion some of his alphan classmates felt to pursue an omega based

on a single meeting; the feeling of finding a potential mate. What it said about Hannibal that he was experiencing this towards an omega 20 years his senior, he wasn't sure.

His blood sang with the awakening of his arousal. His brain pushed images of Will to the front of his mind; underneath him, drenched in the sweat of heat and sex and begging for his knot; above him, riding him, telling him what a good boy he is; sat above Hannibal, cradling the back of his head and encouraging Hannibal's mouth towards a sweet pink nipple -

"Hannibal? Are you listening to a single thing I'm saying to you?" Hannibal came back to reality with a jerk as Alana clicked her fingers in his face. He'd somehow unconsciously managed to follow Alana into her bedroom and set himself down on the bed, and now she was stood in front of him holding a notepad and looking decidedly irate.

"Sorry, I'm just really quite tired," he lied, praying that Alana hadn't detected any change in his scent which proved otherwise. She still looked unimpressed but seemed to accept his weak excuse, pulling up a chair and starting up a list of ideas for their project.

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Hannibal spent every evening that week at Alana's. Once he had helped with the substantive content of the presentation, Alana commandeered the design aspect and Hannibal was essentially free to wander the house as he pleased. Against his better instincts, he found himself gravitating towards the kitchen, where Will was usually found cooking, playing with the dogs, or reading quietly in a chair by the window. The omega had a calming presence and a scent which Hannibal found equally soothing and alluring, and even across such a short period of time he had come to find himself craving the conversations he had with Will as he wound down from his day.

On Friday, Will surprised his daughter and Hannibal with homemade pizzas to celebrate all their hard work on the project during the week. The three sat round the kitchen table, with Will sharing embarrassing stories about his daughter's childhood while Alana giggled and cringed behind her slice. Hannibal was enamoured by the omega's voice, the vague hint of a Southern accent warming his tone and making him infinitely more inviting. After dinner, Alana ran back upstairs, yelling something about highlighters and shading for their project poster, and Hannibal was once again left alone with Will.

"She sounds like she'll be busy a while," laughed Will, rolling his eyes up towards the bedroom. "Do you fancy some sweet tea and a sit with me, Hannibal?" Hannibal gulped. "That…that sounds lovely, thank you Will," he finally managed to reply.

Will laughed again. "What did I say sweetie? Call me Mom," he said, guiding Hannibal towards the lounge and the small, worn couch within. As he placed the two glasses of tea down on the table, Hannibal finally found the courage to reply honestly. "Sorry," he said, avoiding Will's bright eyes. "I guess I'm just not used to calling anyone that."

The omega immediately softened, his maternal instincts kicking in as he looked at the boy in front of him and saw fully for the first time the sadness within. "What happened to your family, darlin'," he asked. "I don't mean to pry, you don't have to tell me," he added hastily. Damn his inquisitive nature.

Hannibal's eyes finally came up to meet his. "My parents and sister died in an accident," he began. "As per the terms of their will, I was sent to live with family friends here in Baltimore. Don't be mistaken, I'm extremely grateful to my adoptive parents. They work extremely hard to provide me with the best of everything, as do you with Alana." At this, Will began to blush. "However, they do lack a certain parental instinct. We are all on a first name basis, which works well for us, and their relationship with me is purely functional."

Will looked lost for words for a moment. Then, he slowly began to move closer to Hannibal on the couch, carefully watching his reaction as if he may suddenly startle and move away. Hannibal's mouth went dry as Will lifted his hand, still tentative in his movements, and pushed some of Hannibal's hair behind his ear. "Well, baby," he said, voice so soft it was practically a purr. Their drinks lay forgotten on the table. "I can be your Mom if you need me to be. Anything you need, you just ask."

Hannibal was completely frozen. Well, almost. Blood was rushing towards his cock at an alarming rate, and he was completely unable to move his body to hide that fact. Since he'd popped his knot around a year ago, he was considerably more in control of his baser instincts, but Will continued to turn everything he thought he knew about himself on its head. After seconds that felt like hours, he finally crossed his legs as he turned to look at Will, pressed up against him. "Thank you…mom," he managed to force out, voice hoarse. Will's answering smile set his heart ablaze.

The sound of Alana thumping down the stairs made the two spring apart as if shocked. By the time Alana entered the room, they looked like any parent having a conversation with a child's friend. The younger omega was holding the finished poster in one hand and had a beaming smile on her face. "It's all done!" she proclaimed happily. She held up the poster in front of her. Hannibal had to admit, leaving the art to her had been a good idea. He would have inevitably made the artwork too complex to the detriment of the academic content.

"That looks amazing, honey!" Will grinned at his daughter. "Will you guys get a prize when you win?" Alana laughed. "*If* we win, mom. ***If***."

"Oh, you just have to! And well done to you too, sweetie!" Will continued, turning again to Hannibal, who blushed in reply. "Thank you," he replied quietly, forcing a smile onto his face. On the inside, however, his heart was sinking. If the project work was all finished, that meant Hannibal no longer had an excuse to spend his evenings at Alana and Will's. His daily time with Will, currently the reason he got out of bed each morning, would be finished.

Currently, happy was the about the last thing he felt.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hannibal gets it on with his friend's mom. Will Graham is not all he seems.

Chapter Notes

i gave myself a week to write this thing but i was like a man possessed. also this will be a series now thank you all.

Warning: Will is getting more creepy and manipulative as we progress, so please take care! Everything is as consensual as this kind of thing can be.

The end of the school term flew past in a blur of assessments, presentations and selecting classes for the next academic year. As Will had predicted, Hannibal and Alana's project won the biology award, and Alana came into school the following day with a cake that Will had made to celebrate. Hannibal's heart ached even more than his teeth did from the sweet treat. How he missed the evenings spent whiling away the time with the beautiful omega.

Once the term had finally ended, and there was no longer school to keep him occupied, Hannibal found himself feeling increasingly lonely. He would sit alone in his bedroom, drawing sketches of faceless omegas with soft chests and softer curls, or reading the books assigned for the next school year in order to get ahead. One day, after staring at his most recent artworks, he made his decision. He had to see Will again.

Finding the small house on the edge of the woodland without Alana's guidance was difficult, but Hannibal soon heard a cacophony of barking which gave him confidence he was approaching Will and his pack. Alana was away, having gone to New York on a girls trip to celebrate the end of the academic year. Unless Will had any surprise guests, Hannibal was almost certain he would be alone.

His instincts proved correct. Will was sat on a chair on the small porch, looking relaxed as he watched the dogs frolic in front of the house.

"Hannibal!" he called. "What a lovely surprise!" Simply laying his eyes on the omega caused Hannibal's heart to soar, the crushing loneliness of the past week instantly forgotten. His scent was as warm and welcoming as Hannibal had remembered it, and Hannibal inhaled it greedily.

“Will,” he rumbled in return, his inner alpha subconsciously presenting itself to the omega. When Will just raised an eyebrow, he chuckled softly. “Mom.”

“That’s better, honey,” Will smiled. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your company? You know Alana is in New York with Bev and the girls, right?”

“Yes, I was aware. She’s sent me a couple of pictures, she looks like she’s having a wonderful time.” It was true, Hannibal and Alana had grown closer after they worked on the project, although Hannibal’s friendship may have been fuelled by a vested interest in the younger omega’s mother. “I - I’m not sure why I’m here. I just felt rather lonely stuck at home, and I remembered you saying that you - you…” Hannibal trailed off. He wasn’t quite sure how to say that he hadn’t stopped thinking about Will’s offer to mother him, or that he’d gotten off to the same idea numerous times since their initial conversation.

“That I could be your mommy? That’s still true, I’m here for you sweetheart.”

Hannibal broke. Before his thoughts could catch up with his body, he was throwing himself into the omega’s arms and letting out a quiet sob.

“It’s ok baby, mommy’s got you.”

Hannibal whined, burying his face in the omega’s neck.

“You like that honey? You like knowing that mommy’s got you, that I’m not going to let you go?”

Hannibal’s body was reacting to Will’s words, totally outside of his control and barely within his awareness. The air grew heavy with the scent of his aroused pheromones, and he subconsciously pressed himself closer to Will’s soft, warm body.

“Talk to me, baby.”

“Y…yes mommy. I like it. I like it a lot,” Hannibal finally managed to stutter out. He was rewarded by a fresh burst of arousal from Will - he could scent the slick the omega was starting to produce due to their proximity and the building tension as their bodies pressed together.

With a sudden rush of confidence, Hannibal slid one arm up from where it was wrapped around Will’s waist and laid it softly on his breast, shifting his head against Will’s neck at the same time to add an air of nonchalance to the movement. Will saw straight through Hannibal’s attempted deception, however, and placed his hand on top of the young alpha’s, pressing it harder into the soft warmth below.

“Mm that’s it baby, you can touch mommy wherever you want,” Will encouraged, gasping a little as Hannibal started rhythmically groping his small breast. Hannibal just whined again, completely overwhelmed by his arousal and Will’s response to his tentative explorations of his body.

Will was the first to break out of the aroused stupor that had surrounded them as they stood. “Why don’t we go and lay down for a bit, darlin’?” he asked Hannibal, surprised by the control in his voice. The young alpha had awakened feelings within him that he’d long since pushed down. He loved Alana with his entire heart, but part of him had always wished for an alphan child whom he could guide and shape into the perfect lover.

He pulled the alpha behind him as he climbed the stairs and followed the hallway down to his bedroom. Once they got there, Will turned to face Hannibal and, for the first time, saw the arousal and desire on the alpha’s face that he had been scenting since their first meeting. His eyes, usually a warm brown, had darkened to almost black, and Will could see the outline of his hard cock and his knot, large even in its deflated state. Will wanted.

Hannibal’s eyes were still transfixed on Will’s chest, tongue occasionally darting out to wet pink lips. Will took this in and used it to inform his next actions, pulling his t-shirt over his head to let Hannibal see his breasts before he sat back on his bed. The effect was instantaneous.

“Mommy,” Hannibal whined, moving towards Will where he reclined against the pillows. “Please…please mommy, I need…”

Will took pity on the young alpha, gathering him up in deceptively strong arms and resting his head against his bare chest. “It’s ok baby, you go ahead. Mommy’s here for you.” Hannibal wasted no time latching onto Will’s right nipple. Whilst it had been many years since Will had needed to feed another from his breast, his recent spell of broodiness after meeting Hannibal had kicked his omegan hormones into overdrive, and just days after meeting the alpha he had awoken to matching damp patches on his sleep shirt. With Hannibal’s needy mouth attached to his nipple, milk flowed freely.

Hannibal was in heaven. He felt completely surrounded by Will’s warmth, from the milk filling his mouth to the arms wrapped around his body. The sweet taste of Will’s milk was better than anything he had imagined over the past weeks, and he couldn’t imagine ever going without it again. Without his conscious attention, his thighs had fallen either side of one of Will’s, allowing him to slowly roll his hips into the omega’s thigh whilst pressing one of his own against Will’s rapidly dampening cunt.

The pair let out competing moans and grunts as they slowly took their pleasure from each other. As slick started to leak around the edges of Will’s underwear and down his thighs, he gently moved Hannibal off his breast, to a distressed whine from the alpha.

“Just one second, baby,” Will said, placating. “Why don’t we take our clothes off, hey? I’m sure we’ll be much more comfortable.” As he spoke, he worked his trousers and panties down his legs, exposing his slick, glistening cunt to Hannibal’s hungry eyes. Hannibal’s hands shot up to his own shirt, fingers rapidly unpicking the buttons and exposing a broad chest. As his hands moved towards his belt, Will’s mouth went dry. Even without seeing Hannibal’s cock uncovered, he could tell that under the fabric was the biggest cock of any alpha Will had been with previously. This was confirmed when Hannibal dropped his trousers and underwear and hastily folded them on top of his discarded shirt.

Hannibal's cock was rock hard and leaking, just from grinding against Will's thigh as he fed from him. "Oh puppy," Will gasped softly. "You're so, so hard for mommy." Will wanted so badly to push Hannibal back against the bed there and then and ride him until his knot stretched Will's aching pussy, but he held back, knowing that Hannibal had seeked him out for comfort, not just for Will to be bred by that perfect cock.

Will gently encouraged Hannibal to lay back on top of him as he had been previously, guiding his mouth towards his untouched nipple. The young alpha latched on again immediately, drawing the warm liquid from Will's breast and once again encouraging the two to slowly grind against each other.

Will felt like he was floating, having the boy who so clearly needed his love and attention gently suckling at his breast. But it was becoming increasingly difficult to ignore the burning need between his legs - his empty, aching hole begging for stimulation.

As if to read his mind, Hannibal lifted his head from where it lay on his breast. "Mommy… can I make you feel good?" he asked tentatively.

Will let out a sharp, surprised sob of arousal. "You're already making me feel amazing baby. But you can do whatever you want, mommy wants whatever you want to give me." At this, something seemed to snap within Hannibal; he suddenly flipped the pair so that Will was pressed into the bed underneath him, and began to cover his body in short, rough kisses as he moved his face down towards the omega's dripping pussy.

When his face was just shy of where Will needed it most, Hannibal paused, the only stimulation on Will's aching hole and twitching clit the steady exhale of air from Hannibal's nostrils. "Alpha…honey, please. Mommy needs you, you good little boy. Get mommy all wet and open for that big cock."

The combination of praise and filthy instruction settled over Hannibal like a heavy blanket, forcing his head closer to the sweet cunt in front of him. In his arousal-addled state, he was starting to get lost in the fantasy - starting to forget that he wasn't Will's alpha son, made to absorb his omegan mother's desire and reflect it right back at him whilst assuring their mutual pleasure.

With that thought, he buried his face in Will's glistening pussy, licking up the slick that had leaked while Hannibal fed from him. The taste was like nothing he'd ever experienced, full of Will's natural musky scent but with a sweetness that made it nothing short of addictive. He redoubled his efforts, letting out a satisfied groan as he sucked at the omega's hole to coax out more of that glorious liquid.

"Hannibal…oh Hannibal, just like that baby, please. Such a good little alpha, making your mommy feel so good." Will was wailing almost constantly at this point, lost in the sensation of the younger man lapping at his dripping hole. At his mother's (*not* his mother, ***not*** his mother) praise, Hannibal's hips ground involuntarily into the mattress beneath them, causing his knot to press into the firm mattress and reawakening the throbbing that had begun to settle since he placed himself between the omega's legs.

Knowing how much he wanted to feel the omega come before he mounted him, Hannibal set about bringing Will to his peak. He moved the focus of his tongue and lips from Will's hole to his swollen clit, tracing around the edge of the nub with his tongue before wrapping his lips around it and suckling. Will screamed into the pheromone-heavy air around him, hips bucking wildly into Hannibal's face before the alpha wrapped his hands around soft thighs, pulling Will's cunt closer to his face and essentially holding the omega in place.

"Hannibal, baby, oh god…please, inside, put your fingers in mommy's pussy, it's so empty, god, I need it…" his mindless babbling continued as Hannibal moaned loudly against him and slid two fingers into his soaked hole, forcing out a fresh wave of slick around the soaked digits. "Mommy," the alpha moaned, pointing his tongue and circling Will's clit with increasing pressure. "Please, please cum for me. Want to make you feel good before I get my knot inside you."

That, combined with Hannibal's fingers scraping his g-spot, was all Will needed to go off. His hips bucked violently, breaking free of Hannibal's hold as he thrust his pulsing clit against the alpha's face. The contractions of his squirting pussy wracked the whole of his lower body, and by the time they were over he was exhausted, sweating and panting against the sheets.

Hannibal's face rose from between his legs, a dreamy grin on his face as he licked Will's cum from his lips and chin. Wordlessly, he stretched himself over the omega's body, burying his face back against his scent gland and mindlessly humping between his legs. Will's eyes rolled back in his head - being young, the alpha wouldn't have developed the instinctive need to bite his scent gland during sex, but the fact that he was still magnetically driven towards it made Will warm as he imagined flashes of the future.

Increasing the temperature of Will's blood even more was the heavy weight of Hannibal's cock against his cunt, from the leaking tip to his knot, threatening to swell even outside of the omega's wet heat. "Hannibal, baby?" Will purred, drawing the alpha's attention to his face. He nodded his attention, seemingly unable to form words. "Are you ready to get inside mommy?" Another fierce nod, Hannibal's lips drawing back over his teeth in a slight snarl as his inner alpha thrashed for control. "Come on in then baby."

Hannibal wasted no time in grasping his cock in one hand and guiding it into Will's relaxed hole. As he bottomed out, his hands slid up Will's body, pawing at his breasts before sliding further to hold his shoulders. Suddenly, his grip tightened, a panicked look overcoming his face. Will stiffened, instinctively reacting to the distress of his pup.

"Baby? What's wrong?" he asked. "Talk to Mommy." Hannibal just whined frantically and thrusted once, twice, before his knot breached Will's hole and he was coming inside the omega, filling him up with cum not of full virility, but thick and hot enough to have Will feeling the contractions throughout his womb as it sought the alpha's seed. Once the initial waves of pleasure died down, Hannibal once again buried his face in Will's neck.

"Sorry mommy," he whispered, so softly Will had to take a second to confirm he'd actually heard it. "Your pussy just felt too good."

Will almost wanted to laugh with relief, or moan from the dirty praise. Hannibal hadn't been panicking about suddenly changing his mind - he was worried that he hadn't satisfied Will enough in his virgin eagerness. "Oh baby boy," Will sighed. "You have nothing to apologise for. You made mommy feel so good, and that was only your first time. You'll have lots of chance to practice lasting longer." He felt Hannibal relax incrementally against his body at his words, and drew the boy closer towards him as they remained tied together.

"Rest now baby," he whispered against Hannibal's cheek. "And when you wake up, you can drink mommy's milk again. How does that sound?"

Hannibal sighed sleepily. "Sounds perfect, mommy," he said, burying his face into Will's chest. He was asleep within a minute.

Will settled himself back into the bed, ensuring Hannibal remained close against him even as his knot deflated and his softened cock slipped from Will's slick hole. He too fell asleep with a smile - he finally had his perfect alpha boy.

End Notes

what will happen next?????

sex. it's just sex.

i made a twitter @orchidofoedipus please follow me if you love mommy will or being generally deranged

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